

## 112 What Is Wrong With Me?

"I heard Liam had decided to take care of the wedding preparations, is it true?" Vanessa asked in a calm voice while Amelie checked her watch for time. She didn't particularly mind this little chat but every time she met this woman, their conversation always left a bitter aftertaste inside her mouth. 1

"It's true," Amelie confirmed with a nod, "He decided that it was a good idea."

"I'd like to offer my assistance," Vanessa smiled and continued, "As you may know, even though our family is famous for our wealth, we are still considered a "dark horse" of high society due to the lack of transparency of our family matters. I think it would be best to change it now." 3

Amelie frowned a little every time Vanessa would say "our family"; somehow it was irritating. She knew what the woman had in mind but decided to ask her anyway.

"Why do you think this would help?"

Vanessa answered with a subtle smile.



"Your reputation is unstable now, and so is Liam's public picture. Sure, his financial status can change that in a heartbeat but the wedding is a very intimate and delicate matter. If people find out that I am helping you with the wedding preparations, they will think that you have been accepted to this family with open arms and that could only help you get back the respect of the public."

*'Accepted to this family?'* Amelie's lips curled into a fake smile. She had been fighting this feeling for a while now, but the more Vanessa talked, the more it became obvious--she was afraid to lose whatever power she held over 'this family' and even such a seemingly selfless gesture as offering her help was nothing but her way of showing that the power was still hers.

Seeing how her sister-in-law remained silent, Vanessa decided to continue.

"It can also be considered a family gesture--an older sister-in-law helping her younger sibling with such an important event. Whatever Liam's current position is, my involvement will only improve it."



Amelie stalled for time by not offering Vanessa a reply, then looked her straight in the eyes and finally answered, "No." 4

Vanessa arched a brow and Amelie added somewhat carelessly, "If Liam thinks it's better for him to curate the preparations alone, then I am convinced he knows what he is doing. I trust his decision and would like to stick to it. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go to work."

"Yes, I understand. Have a good day, Amelie."

Vanessa smiled and left while Amelie felt a strange sting inside her chest. It almost felt as if she offended Vanessa and she didn't like it.

*'It was a lot easier with Samantha; she always acted out of line and tried to copy me because she thought it would help her gain respect. I was always harsh with her because I wanted her to see that she was overstepping. But Vanessa is different. And that is precisely what makes me feel so restless around her. She knows that she has the right to overstep and she revels in the idea that no one really has the right to stop her.'*

Amelie sighed and stepped outside the mansion, mulling over the list of things she had to do once

she was back at the hotel. Once again, however, she met yet another obstacle on her way back to work.

*'Liam?'* 2

She froze on the spot, her entire body stiffening as she watched her husband walking toward her with a tired smile on his face.

Amelie knew that he had spent the night in his office and she assumed that he would remain there till today's evening too, but now, there he was: tired, disheveled, with his messy hair falling over his dim gray eyes, his strong body swaying lightly from side to side as he plodded over the pavement.

"Lily!"

Despite the evident exhaustion in his appearance, his voice sounded unexpectedly excited and his face lightened up with a wide smile as he approached his wife.

"Are you going to the hotel?"

Amelie nodded. "Yes, I was about to. How come you're here? I thought you were busy." 1



"I came home to take a shower and change my clothes; I can't meet with people looking like this, it's embarrassing. I still have a lot of things to take care of at the company, but I can't do that looking like hell."

*'Like hell?'* Amelie had to silently disagree with him. If anything, he looked even more stunning than before.

Liam kept talking but Amelie paid no attention to his words. Seeing him stand so close to her, with the intoxicating blend of his cologne and natural body scent lingering over her like a separate presence, she couldn't help but see him naked once again and it made her feel scared.

*'I must be going mad. What is wrong with me?'*

Then, Liam made it worse.

Ignoring his wife's blushing face, he took off his jacket and loosened the collar of his shirt, revealing his long neck and collarbones which made Amelie lose her mind completely. She averted her eyes and the man's voice finally reached her ears again,

"If you don't mind waiting, I can take you to the



hotel and we can spend more time together. I just need a quick shower and a change of clothes. It won't take long, I promise!" 1

The mentioning of the word shower, too, made Amelie blush again recalling the glistening drops of sweat running down Liam's body.

Now, it was simply unbearable.

"I have to go, Liam, I'm sorry. I have already wasted too much time. have a good day!" 1

She blurted out these words so fast that they were almost incomprehensible but what surprised Liam the most was how fast she ran away from him.

"What was that about..? Did I..?"

He then widened his eyes and raised his left arm, sniffing his suit in an almost comical way. "Do I really smell so bad?!" 3